## THE ADVOCATE.

MANKIND DIE POOR.

ave a secret I will tell you; s not good news, but it is always true; d truth it is and will be evermore,

had their sorrows, often mixed with sin; t comes so hard goes easy from our stors, ers and children often all die poor.

at men die poor—they did and always will, lew shall rule, the rest must serve with skill; Joseph from the pit is lord of more an swarms of dark Egyptians dying poor.

farming pay? With wit and force comsurely is the farm that feeds mankind; trunars are richer round the world I'm sure, at farmers often grumble, and die poor.

to work and save makes wealth abound. thousand ways to scatter tempt us round: ittle to get and many burdens sore, and some get ugly that they should be poor. Ah, well who cares? All history surely tella,

er who have money do not have all else; ch man may be a splendld soul I'm sure, here Christ and all the spostles died so poor.

All heaven's best gifts to men are freely given, Life, joy, love, song, worship and hope of heaven. Sosts of good fellows here and gone before, And God's especial blessing on the poor.

ternal forces given to his control, od helping man he grows a splendid soul: miracle is wrought with hope of more, all me, how can eternal hope die poor?

The great procession keeps its course sublime, Wide as the world, long as the stream of time; With neroes, saints and sages evermore, All in the same old fashion, dying poor.

even so, father. If thy will it be. Ve bow our hearts right royal unto thee, by children make life glorious overmors, and so we die victorious and poor. —James B. Wiggin in Cambridge Press.

### AN AWFUL CHARGE.

The little combination freight and senger train that runs from the enince of the great House tunnel away through the mountains along the nk of the Deerfield river waits paently on its narrow gauge side track antil its larger contemporary from Boston comes up and empties out whatever of its freight and whoever of its passengers are destined for the little villages farther up in the mountains. As

as the Fitchburg train has pulled the station and into the tunberithe smaller combination is left master of the field, and, after backing coquettishly from its side track with many a puff and flutter and much ringing of a not untuneful bell, it starts urdily around the curve and begins s journey of twelve miles over an upnde track.

One quiet evening in the earlier part July a young woman, accompanied by a girl who seemed to act in the cacity of maid rather than companion. lighted from the 5 o'clock train from oston, made some inquiries of an offi cial at the Fitchburg station and then made her way across the tracks to the other train which was waiting respectally at a distance. Just as the train om Boston was about to start a young came harriedly to the platform of way

car, looked earnestly across the acks and then disappeared inside the car to return a moment later with a tan leather satchel, an ambrella and a cane. He tooked nervous and annoyed, but crossed the tracks and climbed into the single passenger car on the narrow gauge road The car was a combana tion passenger and bangage car, and he climbed in at the baggage car end. Presently the train backed from the side track and started along its up grade

The young man took up a position efore the open side door of the bag

rage end of the car and seemed to give himself up to admiration of the coun try through which they were passing. hough he east furtive glances into the other end of the car, where the young oman had taken her place. She was ted near the middle of the car, on sunny side, and her maid was two three sents behind her with wraps nd umbrellas and the various other raphernalia that a fastidious young oman carries with her even on a short arney. Having made these observaons the young man gave more perfect ttention to the landscape and looked s frequently into the ear proper. he girl was evidently unconscious of presence, or at least unmindful of She looked steadily out of the win and seemed to be enjoying also the

ntiful scenery. But presently the young man began grow more nervous and restive. He noved uneasily from his position to the doorway and sat down on a box me middle of the car. Then he went back to the door and leaned away out, looking up the track. Then he went back to the box again and arranged his four-in-hand nervously. Suddenly he got up and walked resoely down the car to where the young han was seated. He walked much the manner of one who has determined to take a bath in very cold water and goes at it with his nerves at the sticking point and his eyes shut. The young woman was much interested in the landscape as he came up, and she did not notice him. He was obliged to all her attention.

race," he said. turned from the window with thering eyes and looked at him a tent. Then the light of recognion drove the wonder slowly from her and she held out her hand lan-

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Marden?"

pped for it. He had been trying all the road.

the way from noston to get up courage to speak to her, and now her cool, sur-prised "How do you do" was almost too much for him. There was not even a traceable note of resentment in it. There certainly was nothing of pleasure. However, he pulled himself together and took the seat which she made for bim beside her.

"It used to be 'Frank,' " he said in answer to her "Mr. Marden." She laughed easily. "Oh, yes, but that was ever so long ago."

"It was long ago," said the young man; "it seems an age."

Miss Grenville made no reply. She sat there brown eyed and self contained, and presently looked out of the window again. The young man made another issue.

"What on earth brings you to this forsaken region?" he asked. Miss Grenville looked at him inquir-

ingly. "Is it forsaken?" she asked. think it is very pretty."

"Well, yes, pretty, but not-wellexciting. "Do you like excitement?" asked

Miss Grenville sweetly. "I do not, but you do-or used to."

"Did It I think I must have changed."

"Probably; you are changeable," said the young man very bitterly. The young woman made no reply

Marden looked uncomfortably at his boots for awhile, then he made a third attempt.

"Will you please tell me where you are going, Grace" he said.

Miss Grenville turned slowly from the window "I think you had better call me Miss

Grenville," she said. "Very well. Miss Grenville, will you please tell me where you are go-

"Certainly I am going to visit my

aunt at Wilmington. And you?" "I am going to Wilmington, too-on

'Are you' Then you must know about the coach from Readsboro."

Wells er the fact is-1 don't. I decided to go very suddenly that is-I couldn't find out about the stage." "Oh," said Miss Grenville.

"I have no doubt it will be all right." observed Marden, for want of anything Oh, no doubt," said Miss Grenville,

perhaps for the same reason. But when they arrived at the terminus of the road they found that it was not all right. The stage was there, but every available seat but one had been taken. It was growing late and Miss Grenville was in despair.

"You might go and let your maid come in the morning." suggested Marden heroically.

The maid was interviewed on this subject, but was fearful and obstinate. Then the young man made another available place and he would drive the evening." Miss Grenville over. He was sure he could get a horse. He would have to mother." do it on account of his busin Miss Grenville defended her pomaid took the place in the stage and are all over. I came up here because Marden weut in search of a horse.

Half an hour later, as the sun was going down behind the hills, a cadaverous looking horse, with almost a suspicious dislike to anything like haste, drew a single buggy out of Readsboro and along the pretty road toward Sadawga and Wilmington. They passed road began to grow prettier and more and let's fix it up." closely bennned in with trees. The cadaverous looking horse moved on with an uncertain jog that was a cross between a run, a trot and a walk. The result was a sort of hop. Miss Gren- I'll try if you say I must." ville made some attempts at conversation, but her companion rewarded her with silence. She made several uncomplimentary remarks about the horse which were witty enough for an ordinary occasion, but Marden did not smile-he did not seem to be paying attention, so finally she subsided into about her. her side of the carriage and said no more. Presently Marden spoke.

"Grace," he said, "do you know why I am up here?"

Miss Grenville looked up innocently. "Of course," she said. "You told me you had come on business."

"Which was not true, as you know. I came because I followed you from

"Frank, how dare you!" said Miss Grenville indignantly. Marden went on quietly.

"And while I was standing out there in the baggage car"-"I thought you were going to fall out

of the door," continued Miss Grenville suddenly. Marden looked at her and then went on again quietly:

"You did not see me. You were surprised that I was on the train when I

spoke to you." 'Oh!" said Miss Grenville.

"When I was standing in the baggage ear I made up my mind that you would have to talk to me. I am more sure of it now. I have been trying to see you for two months, and you have been able to keep me from it. I know I am a brute, and that if you wanted to throw me over and not tell me why I ought to rid nihilists?" stand it, but I can't, and I'm through

trving. ed the road hung over within reach and she snatched a couple of its leaves

as they passed. "I wonder what kind of a tree that is?" she said. Marden took the green He took her hand slowly; he almost | bough from her hand and threw it into "Grace," he said, "why did you

throw me over?" Miss Grenville looked around as if for some avenue of escape, but none presented itself and she leaned back again in the carriage.

"Perhaps," she said at length, "perhaps it is better to talk it over. Though (hurriedly) you know !! can never make uny difference now."

"Of course," admitted Marden, "I never dared to hope that."

"It is very hard to tell," continued Miss Grenville. "Did you ever care for me?" asked

Marden. Miss Grenville looked at him with wondering eyes.

"Do you think that I wanted to do it?" she said. Marden's face brightened wonder-

fully. 'Do you mean that somebody forced you to give me np?" he asked.
"No. only I had to. One can't marry anybody when that person isn't what thay thought he was," said little Miss Grenville, getting confused in her generalization, but with a very convincing air. Marden made no answer and his companion continued, "You know I always said that I never could marry anybody who was not perfectly

gentlemanly and"-"Do you mean that I am not a gentleman?" said Marden. "Why, no, of course not. That was

why I - way I liked you."

"And I always thought you were the most perfect man in that respect." "Thank you! I am very grateful; but will you tell me when it was that I

failed to be what you thought me?" "And I always thought you were the most generous and unselfish man I ever knew, and I am certain that I never had any reason to change that idea."

"Well?" "And you know there was never any body else that I cared for."

You were always so handsome and so brave and -and -yes, I will say itand so loving."

"Well?" 'So you must see that I could not have wanted to do it."

"Oh, but that does not explain why you did do it

"I know it. Only it is so hard, and, Frank, you are not helping me a bit." "I don't see why I need to. You were independent enough to throw me

over and make me miserable for life." "Have you been miserable, Frank?" "I think I have almost died," said Marden solemnly

"Have you? I have been miserable. too, Frank. And I have missed your steps and your voice and your laugh-I have missed your laugh very much, Frank."

"We used to have such pleasant times together, Grace.

"Yes, and mother says that the suggestion. The maid might take the house sounds so lonely without you in

"I thought a great deal of your

"I know you did. Yes, we did have happy times. I shall never forget sition, but finally surrendered. The them. And to think that now they Willinterestyou. I hoped I would forget about it, and now (tearfully) you have brought it all back - again -and I know I shall go on feeling worse and worse - and"-

Poor little Miss Grenville fell to sobbing as if her heart would break. It was more than Marden could stand.

"Gace," he said, "don't. Let's patch the outskirts of the village, and the it up in some way. Tell me what I did

"We can't," sobbed the young woman from her corner.

Well, tell me anyway." "It won't do any good, Frank, but

"You really must." "I know you'll laugh at me and say I'm a goose You always did do that." "I will be sober as -as a prayer

meeting," vowed the young man. "Well, then, it was about that Miss Sanger. You know what you said

"I know I must be very stupid, but I don't quite remember all about it. You had better tell me. Where did I see her?"

"At the pond, and it is really to your credit that you don't remember. I shall think of that and be grateful, Frank, in after years. I said she was horrid, and you said she was clever and had beautiful eyes."

"I think I do remember now. She was the girl who had such a funny squint, wasn't she?"

"I don't think I ever noticed that,

Frank." "Well, she did. And she didn't know who Ibsen was. That was why I said she was elever and had beautious and get our ful eyes-I meant it the other way, you know.

"Did you really, Frank? Then I have misjudged you all this time." Half an hour later Miss Grenville

lifted a happy but tear stained face from Marden's shoulder and looked doubtfully up at him.

"Frank," she said. "Well, sweetheart." "I don't believe I know who Ibsen was either. Was he one of those hor-

"No, dear," said Marden, gravely, "he wasn't quite that; but I guess it doesn't Miss Grenville laughed uneasily. A make any difference now."-J. T. Newbough from one of the trees that skirt- comb in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

> Never Omit That. Dr. Pitter-Then you could do nothing whatever for the patient? Dr. Paresis-No. Except in my bill, of course.-New York Epoch,

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A Cure For Paralysis.

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